

The Skies

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Summary: An account of the war against the Covenant from the eyes of a UNSC pilot

1. Chapter 1

Chapter I: Introductions

****February 28, 2541 (UNSC Calendar)****

****New Cimmeria, Omega Zulu System****

"Oh, bullshit." I heard a marine mutter from the cargo bay of my Pelican, the Inconvenience. She was a beautiful craft, sleek paint job of a screaming toddler on both sides of the hull, and a stained bib wrapped around the cockpit. The Inconvenience had the works too. It has enhanced motion detectors, a shield generator (that's a long story.), 360 degree custom machine guns and a launcher on the hull. As you can tell, I take real pride in my machine.

"What?" I heard another say.

"Look out the doors." The first marine replied.

I heard a collective groan let loose from the soldiers in the back. They finally say what I was seeing, a burning, war-torn New Celindria. My objective was simple, get them in the courtyard of the palace, and see that they get in and out safely. But, if I've learned anything with working with ODSTs, is that operations with them always go spectacularly wrong.

We were three minutes out when the Covenant noticed us. And by noticed us, I mean that they tried their damnest to knock us out of the sky as Porter and Lina opened up on the Covenant below.

"Get ready to drop." I called, opening the cargo door. "Somebody, hop on the turret." I add, raising the turret out of the cargo bay door. Within seconds, I heard a .50 caliber machine gun rip out from the

back.

I landed the Pelican behind the wall in an open space, turned to the side, to allow for the right turret to be used if necessary. After shutting down all non-combat essential items, I moved behind a jersey wall and began to take shots at the Covvies beyond with my Designated Marksman's Rifle.

It's always a great feeling to see a jackal's head explode from the powerful M118 FMJ-AP, 7.62x51mm rounds. There wasn't much action now, but Command wouldn't have sent us here without due cause.

"Wraith!" came a shout from Porter, confirming my suspicions of an incoming attack. Combined fire from a rocket and machine gun made quick work of the Wraith before it could do any more damage. But soon enough, my field of vision was filled with Grunts headed straight for us.

"This is going to be a long day." Muttered Lina from a few feet next to me.

I couldn't agree with her more.

* * *

><p>After reading a few dozen chapters of "The Life" by casquis, I wanted to make a story similar to his, without copying any big parts. Anyways, I hope you enjoy.<p>

2. Chapter 2

Chapter II: Show of Force

****February 28, 2541 (UNSC Calendar)****

****New Cimmeria, Omega Zulu System****

I knew it was all going to hell when I heard three thumps from beside me in about 3 seconds. "Porter!" I called, managing to nail a headshot on a Grunt. (Give me credit, I'm a pilot not an ODST.)

"What?" He yelled back, laying on the trigger.

"Cover me! I'm going to try something. " I shouted, moving into a hunched over position. I sprinted to the side of the cockpit facing towards the palace. I took another few shots at the Grunts beyond before moving to dodge an incoming plasma bolt. If you pay enough attention, their plasma shots didn't move as fast as bullets, so you can dodge them pretty easily, at least at a distance.

"Lina," I yelled. "Porter and I'll cover you, move to me!"

"You better!" She shouted, before sprinting to where I was.

"What's up?" Lina said, reloading her rifle.

"Get on the turret. I'm going to try to support our guys here, they're getting wrecked." I replied, hopping onto the cargo

bay.

"Let's go." Lina said, doing the same.

I stepped into the cockpit and began warming up the Inconvenience for flight. After a few seconds of powering up systems, we were in the air.

"You ready?" I called back in the cargo bay.

"Affirmative." I heard Lina reply. I heard nothing from Porter, so I assumed the constant firing of the gun had finally caught up to his hearing.

I activated the turrets on the hull and set them on auto-target, since I would be busy dodging plasma.

Thik thik thik.

Thik thik.

Thik thik thik.

BWOOMSQUASDHAD.

"What the hell was that?" I yelled, evading a wraith shot.

"Don't sweat it, Jason." Came the reply from Porter in the back.

"JESUS-" I heard as my shields suddenly dropped to 0%

I looked out of the cockpit window and saw a Grunt methane station falling back down to the ground.

"You asshole." I grumbled, diverting power from the radar system to the shield generator. "Now I have to fly out of shot for a while while our shields return." I added, banking our craft off to the side.

As soon as I thought we were in the clear, dozens of alarms screamed at me as the craft flew out of control. "Hold on to something!" I yelled as I switched the flaps into manual control, trying to create as much air resistance as possible as we crashed into the trees.

* * *

><p>Quick question, would you guys prefer shorter but more frequent chapters as so, or longer chapters that are less frequent? As always, enjoy.<p>

End
file.